

The Bloomfield Record.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL INTERESTS, GENERAL NEWS, AND THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.

STEPHEN M. HULIN, Editor and Proprietor.

BLOOMFIELD, N. J., FRIDAY, MAY 29, 1874.

Vol. II. No. 71

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Dry Goods, Notions, Family Goods, Oil Cloth,
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Home Furnishing Goods
generally.
Groceries and Provisions
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SPRING FLOWERS.
BY AUGUSTUS WATERS.
Oh! dainty baby flowers,
That hide in silent nooks,
That linger by the cow-path,
And peep into the brooks;
To me you are the warblers
Of the realm of Long Ago,
At whose soft beck unnumbered forms
Like shadows come and go.
By mossy rocks and nodding ferns
You lift your twinkling eyes,
And by the wounded maple-trees
In smiling groups arise.
No more the shrieking winter winds
Affright the naked woods,
But all the scented aisles are gay
With Flora's dappled robes.
Though years have sped since first for me
Upon the apple-tree
Where every branch is eloquent
Of glories yet to be;
Where soon the winged Argonauts,
From lands beyond the main,
Will sing their merry love-songs,
And build their homes again.
I trace the tints of dawning Hope,
Sweet flowers, in all your beauty;
You come as meek interpreters
Of man's exalted duty.
You whisper of a dawning heaven
Beneath us as above,
When earth shall melt with poetry,
And man be full of love.
Ch. Union.

THE PYRAMIDS REVISITED.
(BAYARD TAYLOR, IN THE TRIBUNE.)
Cairo, March 25.—Yesterday I decided that the weather had finally settled fair, and we might venture as far as the Pyramids, without encountering either rain or cold wind. Yet it was a day which would have decided any one unfamiliar with the phenomena of the Egyptian climate. The sky was overcast, rather with a soft, ashen-colored fleecy vapor than with clouds; the wind blew lightly from the south, leaving a heavy, sultry feeling when it paused, and I was hardly surprised when an English tourist predicted "a fearful storm, presently." When I answered "a storm is impossible to-day," he looked at me with an air of pitying incredulity, and then turned away. We engaged an open carriage at 20 francs for the day, provided ourselves with lunch, and set out to 9 o'clock. Just above Boulak the Nile is now spanned by a splendid iron bridge, beyond which a large highway has been built, leading to the very base of the Great Pyramid. This is certainly better than the former approach by ferryboat and donkey-path, for it reduces the practical distance from three or four hours to one and a half.

The way was crowded with Camels and country people, the former bearing huge but not very heavy burdens of freshly-cut clover. Women and donkeys here loads of vegetables, and the boys ran yelling after them. Our dark footman, in his white cap and shirt, ran in advance of the carriage, parting the multitude to right and left with his long stick, and crying out: "Take care, there! Take care of your legs! The strangers are coming!" Thus we passed over the bridge, entered the avenue of acacias leading to Gizeh, and saw the Pyramids flushed with a faint rose-color against the gray sky.

Nothing could be lovelier than the intensely green wheat lands, stretching away to the Libyan Desert, bounded on the south with thick fringes of palm. The wind blowing over them came to us sweet with the odor of white clover blossoms; larks sang in the air, snowy ibises stood pensively on the edges of sparkling pools, and here and there a boy sang some shrill, monotonous Arab song. In the east, the citadel-mosque stretched its two minarets like taper fingers averting the evil eye; and in front of us the Pyramids seemed to mock all the later power of the world. Not forty, but sixty centuries look down upon us from these changeless peaks. They antedate all other human records, except those of the dynasty immediately preceding that which built them. Hebrew, Sanskrit, and Chinese History seem half modern when one stands at the foot of piles which were almost as old as the Coliseum is now when Abraham was born.

We crossed the track of the railway, drove beside it for a mile or two further, and then struck directly across the level lands toward that rocky terrace of the Libyan Desert, which serves as a base for the Pyramids. Children ran beside the carriage clamoring for money, and one or two boys, laboring under the singular delusion that they were contributing to our pleasure, played the feed flute after a most weary and distressing fashion. But there was less annoyance from these causes than you generally meet in Italy, or even some parts of Switzerland.

Nearer the Desert, there were belts of drifted sand across the road, and the wheat and clover, after struggling briefly with their ancient enemy, ceased on either side. It was so difficult for the horses to climb the last slope that we dismounted and walked to the top of which a little flag was fluttering, and two or three dark forms were perceptible. The modern house built by the Khedive for the reception of his royal and imperial

guests, offers to all visitors the advantage of shade and cold steps to sit on. A crowd of Fellahs was in attendance, eager to help us up and down, to climb both Pyramids in ten minutes, or to sell to us modern scarabei. They are now, however, a much better behaved race than formerly. Nearly all of them have a fair smattering of English, their demands are regulated by custom, and if a traveler chooses one as an inevitable guide and protector, he escapes much annoyance from the others.

I had no desire to make the ascent a second time, although it was well worth doing once. A crawl into the hot and stifling interior can only be recommended to the archaeologist. The grand, simple masses built by Cheops and Cephrenes satisfy both the eye and imagination when viewed from below, a few hundred yards from their bases. The best point, I think, is a sandy mound beyond the Sphinx, whence you get the exact view given in one of Carl Werners' wonderful aquerelles.

I found the Sphinx buried under ten or fifteen feet more of sand than when I saw him last. The face was evidently intended to be seen from below, for its expression becomes almost grotesque when the spectator is brought so near its level. About eight years ago M. Mariette discovered a very ancient temple just beyond it, and this, although lying wholly below the surface of the desert, has been kept tolerably clear of drifting sand. I have seen nothing in Egypt which seems so old as this temple. It is built mainly of rose-colored granite, the pillars simply square monoliths, roofs and doorways of the same, and no sign of inscription or decorative sculptures. It is certainly older—and who shall say how much older?—than the Pyramids. In some sepulchral chambers lying back of the pillared court the roof is made of huge blocks of alabaster. The whole edifice, in its bare and massive simplicity, suggests Stonehenge rather than the later architecture of Egypt.

A small fee opened for us one of the lower rooms of the Khedive's house, and we lunched in coolness and quiet. One of the native bangers-on, after looking at me for some time, said: "You were here, a long while ago?" "Yes," I answered. "Twenty years, or more?" "And there was a gentleman with you—a Nemessee (German), I think?" "Yes."

"And you had trouble with the men who went up the Pyramid? You went to yonder village [pointing towards it], called the shekh, and had the men punished?" "Yes."

"And there was a boy who carried a water-bottle; and the shekh of the village told him to bring coffee for you; and there was no coffee at first; and the shekh gave the boy a slap, threw him out the door, and told him not to come again until he brought it?"

"Yes—that was well?" "I was that boy." I questioned Achmet, to know whether he had told the story of my first visit with its serio-comic interlude; but he had not. The man's astonishing memory, after so many years of tourists, had recognized me and reproduced the incident with all its minor details.

By this time, several other carriages had arrived from Cairo. Parties were lurching on the cold steps, bargaining for modern scarabei, strolling toward the Sphinx with a crowd of Arabs at their heels, or climbing the steps of the Great Pyramid with many an awkward straddle, shoved from below and pulled up from above. There were tweed coats, eye-glasses, canes, chignons, fans, parasols—but let not the romantic reader suppose that the sublime repose of the Egyptian world was in the least prejudiced by these objects. They were but as drift-wood or sea-weed, surging around the base of mightier natural pyramids, along the shores of Norway or Maine. One is carried so far back—set in the presence of such imperious human will and unshaken power—that the real and far more permanent greatness of our age fades away, and its careless representatives become, for the time, mere stinging insects, that hum and buzz for a few minutes, to be carried away by the next breeze. No!—you might pack billiard-rooms, lager-beer saloons, cafes chantants, stock-brokers' offices, and Free-Trade Leagues, around the pyramids, hold political meetings with a speaker standing on the Sphinx's head, or make the adytum of the old temple below resound with revival hymns, and you could not diminish the impression which these wonderful monuments exact and compel you to feel. A dead faith—a lost race—a forgotten glory—a half-recovered history—names and glories and supreme human forces become as shadows—yet what tremendous, overwhelming records they have left behind.

As I rested in the shade, looking up to the grey pinnacles, so foreshortened by nearness that much of their actual height was lost, yet still indescribably huge, I could think of but one thing: we must have a new Chronology of Man. There before me, the Usher-Mosaic reckoning was not only antedated, but a previous growth,

of long, uncertain duration, was made evident. There, in stones scattered about the Desert, were inscriptions cut long before any tradition of Hebrew, Sanskrit, Phœnician, or Greek—clear, intelligible words, almost as legible to modern scholarship as those of living languages. This one long, unbroken stream of light into the remote Past lights up darker historic apparitions on all sides, and sweeps us, with or without our will, to a new and wonderful backward starting-point. Of course, the learned in all countries are familiar with all our recently acquired knowledge on this point; but is it not time to make it the property of the people everywhere—to discard the unnamely fear that one form of truth can ever harm any other form—to reveal anew, through the grandeur of Man's slow development, the unspeakable grandeur of the Divine Soul by which it is directed?

I would not venture to say that even the English tourist, who addressed me with: "Is there—aw—anything particular to see here?" was not touched somewhere in the roots of his externally indifferent nature. I am quite sure that cold chicken was not the only thought of the young ladies who sat lurching on the steps. When I find a gay young Irishman, to whom snipe and wild ducks are a prime interest, nevertheless going out to see the Pyramids by moonlight, and then again at 2 o'clock in the morning to climb them for the Sunrise, I am convinced that Cheops built better than he knew, and that the pile of stones means much more to the world than the depository of his royal carcase.

Well: I meant to send you practical, realistic reports of Egypt, and this letter will be sure to bring down upon me the wrath of Mark Twain, and all who distrust earnest impressions. I plead guilty, however, and confess that I do not wholly belong to the age which makes jokes of accidents and murders, and finds material for laughter in classic art.

VARIETIES.
The hymn for the Centennial—Old Hundred.

Epitaph for a cannibal—"One who loved his fellow-men."

Aim high, but not so high as not to be able to hit anything.

The crematoriums in Rhode Island naturally go for Barnstable for Senator.

Why is grass like a penknife? Because the spring brings out the blade.

Farmers gather what they sow, while seamstresses sew what they gather.

How could the slamming of a door by a person in a passion "a wooden cleft."

Dobbs thinks that instead of giving credit where credit is due, the cash had better be paid.

The growth of New York is said to be like that of a tree, marked by the number of its rings.

The young lady out West who received \$1,000 damages for a kiss, is said to be spoiling to be damaged again.

An Indiana man was lately buried in a coffin made from a tree which he planted. How happy he must have been!

"Don't a Quaker ever take off his hat to anyone, Mamma?" "No, my dear." "If he don't take off his hat to a barber, how does he have his hair cut?"

"Think of it, Mr. Bobbs, the United States drinks \$90,000,000 worth of spirits every year!" Bobbs (excitedly).—"How I wish I was the United States!"

"Will you have some strawberries?" asked a lady of a guest. "Yes, madam, yes; I eat strawberries with champagne." "Do, tell? Well, we haven't anything but cream and sugar for 'em this evening," said the matter-of-fact hostess.

A few days ago a hungry party sat down at the well-spread supper table of a Sound steamer, upon which one of the dishes contained a trout of moderate size. A serious-looking individual drew this dish toward him, saying apologetically, "This is fast day with me." His next neighbor, an Irish gentleman immediately inserted his fork into the fish and transferred it to his plate, remarking, "Sir, do you suppose nobody has a soul to be saved but yourself?"

ASPHYXIATING BURGLARS.—The manufacturers of vaults and safes for the preservation of valuables, and also those whose profession it is to enter them for the purpose of plunder, continue to develop a vast amount of ingenuity. Almost as soon as we have the triumphant announcement of absolute security as the result of some combination of construction, we find that the device has been successfully evaded. All the arrangements of chilled iron and other materials of protection seem to be of no value against the efforts of experienced "cracksmen," and attention now appears to be directed toward the addition of defensive weapons that shall maim or otherwise injure the intruder. One of the most recent devices of this kind consists in what is called the Chemical Armor for Bank Vaults, which is so adjusted that should the interior of the safe be penetrated by violence, sundry glass vials filled with sulphuric acid are necessarily broken and their contents discharged into powdered carbonate of lime, resulting in the instantaneous production of carbonic acid gas enough to asphyxiate a regiment. What mode of defense will be adopted by the opposite side should this device be carried out to any extent remains to be seen.